

# Ando: Planet of the Walrus Men

## Planet Hoppers: July 2003

By [Cory Herndon](#)

Welcome to "Planet Hoppers," a new feature on the *Star Wars Roleplaying Gamewebsite*. Each month, we'll bring you a set of articles on a particular world in the *Star Wars* galaxy that a Gamemaster can use separately or as a linked series of events.

July's subject is the planet Ando, the watery home of the belligerent Aqualish. Be sure to check back each week for the next installment!

### Part 1: Any Port in a Storm

In which an escaped Mon Calamari slave finds refuge on the dangerous water-world Ando.

### Part 2: Lucky Break

In which young fugitive Mon Calamari Sissalik meets his new boss -- the Aquala captain of the trawler *Nanda's Luck*.

### Part 3: When Rocks Swim

In which "Slick" Sissalik nets his first Andoan mineral-fish from the deck of the *Nanda's Luck*.

### Part 4: She Is the Pirate Queen

In which the *Nanda's Luck* has an unlucky encounter with the infamous Quara pirate Pyash Yopayomba.

### Part 5: Portage Moon

In which Slick is caught up in a plot to incite a new Aqualish civil war at the annual Festival of the Portage Moon.

### **About the Author**

One-time *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* editor Cory J. Herndon is now a freelancer. Cory's work has appeared in *Amazing Stories*, *Duelist*, *TopDeck*, *Star Wars Gamer*, *Dragon*, and *SCIFI.com*. He has done additional design work on the *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* revised core rulebook (primarily the Droids chapter), *The Dark Side Sourcebook* (creatures and archetypes), and the *Wheel of Time Roleplaying Game*. He is also the author of Volumes 5 and 6 of the **Magic: The Gathering** *Encyclopedia*. Cory's short story "Like Spider's Silk" appears in the *Secrets of Magic* Anthology. He asks that you please purchase a copy of it and the **D&D** novel *The Living Dead* for every room in your home. Cory is currently authoring original content for Xbox.com, writing the third book in an upcoming *Magic: The Gathering* novel trilogy, and continuing to design *Star Wars Roleplaying Game* material for the Wizards website.



# Part 1: Any Port in a Storm

Catalogued by Archivist Cory Herndon

*ARCHIVIST'S NOTE: Mon Calamari freighter pilot "Slick" Sissalik worked as the slave valet for a wealthy and cruel Imperial water merchant on Tatooine. The Mon Cal was forced to assassinate his master or face dehydration under the twin suns.*

*Sissalik's recently published journals describe his escape to Ando, the Aqualish homeworld, where he would eventually play a pivotal role in the planet's history. The sea-level viewpoint of the newcomer describes an ocean world of floating towns and pirate gangs that remained wild, violent, and low-tech even under the oppressive thumb of the Empire.*

**Planet:** Ando  
**Planet Type:** Terrestrial  
**Climate:** Temperate and humid  
**Terrain:** Open saltwater oceans, swamps, small rocky islands  
**Atmosphere:** Breathable  
**Gravity:** 1.22 standard  
**Diameter:** 14,885 km  
**Length of Day:** 26 standard hours  
**Length of Year:** 342 local days  
**Sentient Species:** Aqualish, Human, assorted species  
**Languages:** Aqualish and Basic  
**Population:** 850,000  
**Species Mix:** 97% Aqualish, 2% Human, 1% other  
**Government:** Military administration (Imperial)  
**Major Exports:** Metals, sea foods, salt  
**Major Imports:** Technology, lumber  
**System/Star:** Ando

Planets	Type	Moons
Andando	Molten rock	0
Ando	Terrestrial (ocean)	2
Ando Prime	Ice ball	0

**Sector:** Mid Rim

## Sissalik of Mon Calamari's Personal Log

### 3rd Day of Freedom

I have no regrets over the death of Farvakine. My treatment at the hand of that foul water-seller gave me no choice. He didn't suffer, however much he deserved to. The chuba poison simply built up in his system until it triggered one massive stroke. I do admit one regret -- my approach vector allowed me to elude detection when I brought her in, but then I had to sink Farvakine's personal shuttle in the shallow sea several kilometers outside Quantill City. That shuttle alone, he never failed to remind me, cost him fifty times what he paid for me. I could use the money, but it would trigger too many questions I couldn't answer. But no matter. Goodbye, sandy Tatooine; hello, mercifully wet Ando. I called this place home for several years during my youthful education, and now I hope I can call it sanctuary.

It's certainly not Mon Calamari, but at least Ando is familiar. The moist air and open waters, shallow as they are, do my heart good. After the swim into town, I'm beginning to shake the health problems Tatooine wreaked on my system, even if those murky waters were probably polluted.

Yes, Ando's smell has changed for the worse in a very short period of time. Amid the industrial stink, you can sense a growing unrest in the humid air. The Aqualish are proud -- some say belligerent, but that's just the way they evolved -- and I suspect they won't tolerate the Empire's oppression and exploitation for much longer. It's probably only the natural Aqualish respect for strength that's kept the population from open revolt. The waters of Ando don't just hold floating Aquala homes and massive raft cities; they contain the very livelihood of the Aqualish people. As we say on Mon Calamari, swim where you want, but excrete in your own pool. The Empire's been excreting into the Aqualish pool for years, and if my guess is right, they might have a revolt on their hands soon.



**Famous Mon Calamari  
Admiral Ackbar.**

Not that the Aqualish could really throw off the Empire, if the Imperials are determined to hold the planet. Technology on Ando is antique by Tatooine standards (they never bothered to develop anything better than the machinery they stole from ancient Republic scout ships millennia ago, which they faithfully duplicate to this day). Besides, despite their hatred of the Empire, the three breeds of Aqualish -- the Aquala, the Quara, and the Ulaq -- are much more likely to go at each other's throats while planning their rebellion. They're just wired that way. The fin-handed Aquala live on the oceans and don't trust anyone who spends too much time on land. The fingered Ulaq and Quara, for the most part, stay packed onto what little land there is, feeling bottled up. But it's easy to tell those two land-based breeds apart -- the Ulaq have four eyes, while the Quara have two, just like the Aquala.

I've taken refuge in a dingy cantina on the docks of Quantill that seems devoid of Imperial presence, but it's often hard to tell. The Quara have a reputation for collaboration, and Quantill City is the biggest land-based population center on Ando -- definitely Quara territory. Though I'm a wanted murderer, I think I'm relatively safe for now. And the water's not the freshest, but they've got decent fried clawclams.

The Imperial presence will definitely prevent me from leaving soon. Stormtroopers seem to be concentrated on Ando's few land masses and a small fleet of oceangoing interdicator craft. The rest of the Aqualish homeworld is the same as ever -- seedy criminal districts never close, all manner of vessels and floating platforms litter the oceans, and mineral-fishermen sail the open seas, congregating in raft villages that the Empire mostly leaves alone. I salvaged enough credits from Farvakine's desk to get by for a few weeks if necessary, but the sooner I find work on a fishing vessel and disappear, the better.

Someone looking for an experienced deckhand (or better yet, oceanographer) is bound to wander into this dive sooner or later. I've just got to be patient and alert. Maybe I need more clawclams.

## Part 2: Lucky Break

Catalogued by Archivist Cory Herndon

*ARCHIVIST'S NOTE: After killing his master and escaping Imperial slavery on Tatooine -- a living hell for an aquatic Mon Calamari -- former oceanographer (and future Andoan folk hero) Sissalik made it as far as the Outer Rim planet Ando, watery home of the Aqualish.*

### Sissalik of Mon Calamari's Personal Log

#### 6th Day of Freedom

On Ando, job interviews are usually packed with insulting banter, verbal challenges, and fisticuffs, but I didn't have time for Aqualish formalities. Once the one-eyed Aquala trawler captain described the job and how utterly unsuitable I was for it, I simply told him to shut up and hire me before I fed him his wooden leg. For a second I thought he was going to tear out my barbels, and then he *chuffed* with the distinctive sound of Aqualish laughter. It seemed the direct approach wasn't what he'd expected from a "fish-eye" like me. I escaped with a bruised jaw and the job.

The *Nanda's Luck* should be at sea for several months, and the water and honest work will help me recuperate while on the lam. Captain Bippi -- it's actually "Bipopa Bogzider," but he'll insist you never use his full name right after he gives it to you -- doesn't pay oceanographer's wages, but he keeps his crew fed, he allows liberal use of communications and computer equipment during off-duty hours, and every sailor from the lowliest deckhand (that is to say, me) to the first mate gets a one-bottle ration of decent Aquala cuttlewine every week.

When we return to port at the end of the season, the Captain will pay us all a sliver of a fraction of a percentage of the mineral profits, factoring in seniority. One of the fish gutters said he cleared a thousand credits on his first trip alone, which would be fine by me. It's a simple but effective management technique that ensures hard work, loyalty to the ship, and what Iskalonians call "school spirit." It's frankly not very Aqualish of him, but then he's not all the Aqualish he used to be.



The Captain wears a painfully archaic and bulky cybernetic replacement over his right eye socket, a mechanical hand that I've already seen fitted with at least three different attachments since sunup, and, judging from his pronounced limp and stiff gait, an artificial leg.

**Bipopa "Bippi" Bogzider:** Male Aqualish (Aquala) Expert 10/Diplomat 2; Init +2 (Dex); Defense 15 (+3 class,+2 Dex); Spd 8 m; VP/WP -/16; Atk +11/+6 melee (1d3+3, punch) or +11/+6 melee (DC 18, heavy stun baton) or +11/+6 melee (1d6+3, mechanical hand) or +11/+6 melee (2d6+3, vibroblade) or +10/+5 ranged (3d8, heavy blaster pistol); SQ Amphibious, fins, low-light vision 30 m; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +14; SZ M; FP 0; DSP 2; Rep +3; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 18, Cha 14; Challenge Code B.

**Equipment:** Artificial right leg (decreases maximum speed by 2 m), captain's hat (adds +2 to all Charisma-based checks), cybernetic eye (adds a +4 equipment bonus to Spot checks and low-light vision 30 m), heavy blaster pistol, heavy stun baton, fishing vessel (*Nanda's Luck*), mechanical hand (attachments add +2 equipment bonus to all Repair and Computer Use checks), vibroblade.

**Skills:** Appraise +4, Computer Use +6, Diplomacy +12, Gamble +17, Gather Information +12, Knowledge (Ando) +13, Knowledge (Andoan mineral-fish) +13, Pilot +15, Profession (fisherman) +17, Read/Write Basic, Read/Write Aqualish, Repair +8, Speak Basic, Speak Aqualish, Swim +9.

**Feats:** Persuasive, Skill Emphasis (Gamble), Skill Emphasis (Gather Information), Skill Emphasis (Knowledge: Andoan mineral-fish), Toughness, Trustworthy, Weapon Group Proficiencies (blaster pistols, simple weapons).

#### Special Qualities:

*Amphibious* -- Aqualish can breathe both water and air normally, and gain a +4 species bonus on Swim checks.  
*Fins* -- Captain Bogzider is a fin-handed Aqualish but has only one of his hands. His fins grant a +1 circumstance bonus to all Swim checks and a -2 circumstance penalty to checks involving equipment not designed for his appendages (note that his personal items and all equipment onboard the *Nanda's Luck* have been designed with Aquala fins in mind).

## Part 3: When Rocks Swim

*Catalogued by Archivist Cory Herndon*

### Sissalik of Mon Calamari's Personal Log

#### 11th Day of Freedom

Finally, after five days on the open shallow seas of Ando and three traveling with a loosely banded fishing fleet, we've made our first major catch of our trip -- three good-sized mineral-fish just shy of a meter in length each, and a half-dozen smaller "stone-fins."

The creatures are quite remarkable, and I studied them extensively during my time as an oceanography student. Using a process that's still not clearly understood, the "fish" (actually a species of swimming crustacean) feeds off rich ore veins that line deep undersea caves inaccessible to even the most determined Aquala. The mineral-fish takes the nutrients it needs for energy and uses the leftover metals to create a thick exoskeleton with an armored carapace and a snapping beak that can take a being's arm off if he's not careful. Fortunately, gravity makes them quite slow and easy to dodge outside the salt water. Fishing vessels like the *Nanda's Luck* usually process a catch the day it's brought in. Deckhands, myself included, knock out the snapping crustaceans with heavy stun batons powered by the ship's generator (their shells are tough but conduct electricity quite well). Then the gutters crack and clean the metal shells, scanning them for exact metal composition and storing them in the ship's hold.

Storage can create problems with pirates on the high seas during long trips. A vessel with a full load sits deep in the water and makes a tempting target. Yet unloading cargo daily is impractical. Hence the tradition of the sand-load: Fishing boat crews leave port with a hold full of sand that they gradually dump overboard as they take on mineral-fish shells, making it impossible for pirates to tell whether a low-riding vessel has just left the dock or has wrapped up an expedition of several months.



**Representatives of Ando**

On a water world like Ando, metals already have inflated value, but the metal taken from mineral-fish would be expensive even in the Core. Not only are mineral-fish shells harder than plasteel, they're also resistant to energy weapons and never corrode except in the most acidic environments. It is no understatement to say that the mineral-fish industry drives the entire Andoan economy. My fish-gutter friend claims to have seen Humans (no doubt Imperials) among the fishing fleets with illegally modernized vessels that take in dozens of mineral-fish in one day. Rumor has it the Empire is hunting for the secret of the mineral-fish's natural ore refinement process, but it seems just as likely they're simply doing what they always do: Stripping a subject world of its resources for the "greater good" (and greater treasures) of the Empire. I hear a single meter-long mineral-fish can be worth 10,000 credits.

No one would confuse our intrepid ship with an Imperial boat. The *Nanda's Luck* is a good-sized traditional fishing vessel with a hull made of pressed and treated Andoan swamp cedar that Captain Bippi claims covers a sturdy skeleton of mineral-fish armor. The sensitive fishing sonar, a primitive navigation computer, comm systems, an emergency repulsor engine, metallurgical scanners, the ship's light defensive shields, and laser turrets mounted fore and aft are the only modern technology on the boat (though the Empire bans weaponry on Aqualish spacecraft, sea vessels are under no such restriction).

One more thing. I've picked up a nickname from Captain Bippi -- "Slick." He insists it's because of an unfortunate incident involving some fish guts and an unswabbed deck that happened to me on my first night, but I suspect he just has trouble wrapping his tusks around my name. I'm getting used to it, though, and I think I'm growing on the Captain. The old codger hasn't threatened to dump me overboard for days now.

**Craft:** Andoan fishing vessel *Nanda's Luck*

**Class:** Sailing ship (when running on emergency repulsors, considered a speeder [aquatic]).

**Size:** Colossal (20.7 meters)

**Passengers:** 25 (fishermen)

**Cargo Capacity:** 58 tons

**Speed (Sails):** 20 m (reduced to 10 m when sailing against the wind)

**Speed (Repulsors):** 40 m (emergencies only -- repulsor batteries run out after 24 hours and cannot be recharged at sea)

**Max Velocity (Sails):** 30 km/h

**Max Velocity (Repulsors):** 70 km/h

**Cost:** Not for sale

**Crew:** 4 (Skilled +4)

**Initiative:** -4 (-8 size, +4 crew)

**Maneuver:** -4 (-8 size, +4 crew)

**Defense:** 8 (-8 size, +6 armor)

**Shield Points:** 10 (DR 2)

**Hull Points:** 135 (DR 12)

**Weapon:** Laser Cannon; **Fire Arc:** Turret (front); **Attack Bonus:** +0 (-8 size, +4 crew, +4 fire control); **Damage:** 4d8; **Range Increment:** 20 m



## Part 4: She Is the Pirate Queen

Catalogued by Archivist Cory Herndon

### Sissalik of Mon Calamari's Personal Log

#### 95th Day of Freedom

The fishing expedition of the good ship *Nanda's Luck* is nearing its end, and I plan to sign up for another tour after Portage Moon. I think I'm finally beginning to feel truly at home on this brackish, alien ocean, aboard this tiny ship.

#### 99th Day of Freedom

Today we set out from the raft-village of Natamee after a two-day shore leave. I welcomed the return to open sea; I could have sworn more than once that I'd spotted a Human staring my way just a little too long. There's no telling how deep into the fishing industry the Imperials have gotten, so both nights I slept in my bunk on the *Nanda* for safety. And so it was that I was one of the only hands alert (and sober) enough to make a record of our encounter with Pyash Yopayomba, the pirate queen of Ando.

She struck just after dawn. Captain Bippi was dragging the nets, but he must not have expected much activity -- he'd allowed more than half the crew to sleep off the weekend. The others were suffering through motion-enhanced hangovers in the mess. Only Bippi and I were on duty, Cap at the helm and I in the crow's nest. The ocean was eerily clear, with not even another fishing boat visible for hours. I was close to going down to the mess myself for some skillet-roe when I spotted a black dot on the horizon, rapidly growing in size. I made out black sails, but the ship had to be running on repulsors as well. No sailing ship could possibly move that fast. I scrambled down the mast to man the forward cannon as I sounded the combat alarm.

As the black ship skimmed toward us, I saw that it was in fact not a sailing ship in the traditional sense -- what I'd mistaken for sails were enormous repulsor fins. Even at its current velocity, the ship probably wasn't even running at half-speed. Her first volley of lasers missed us by sheer good fortune when a swell pushed the *Nanda's Luck* out of the line of fire. At Bippi's order, I drew a bead on the starboard repulsor fin and returned fire. Blue lightning sparked around the black ship -- even through the cannon scope, I still hadn't seen any crew on deck -- and it actually sped up. Her next barrage singed my scalp and cut directly through the bridge.

I split my attention between the blast and the black boat. Had Bippi survived? I left the cannon and found him bleeding but alive amid the wreckage of the bridge, and I told him to keep his head down. That rescue attempt saved my life, for the black ship's next two shots turned the *Nanda's* cannons into slag. A thud reverberated through the hull as a heavy grappler sunk into our good ship's hull. I shouted the alarm: "Prepare to repel boarders!"

They swarmed the deck within minutes, easily three pirates to each of us. Still, we were protecting our home and joined the melee with three times the ferocity. We stuck with our knives and vibroweapons; blasters were useless in the close-quarters fighting. We might have sent the buccaneers back to their accursed ship had not the pirate queen chosen that moment to join the battle personally. A singing vibroblade gleamed in the morning sun, a shine that soon glowed red with the blood of my crewmates. She was a whirlwind dressed head to toe in black, a fingered Quara female dealing death on a whim. She was Pyash Yopayomba, and no one on the *Nanda* could hope to defeat her, not even the Captain. But I had to try.



But would Yopayomba mess with Ponda Baba?

**Pyash Yopayomba:** Female Aqualish (Quara) Scoundrel 6/Noble 3/Crime Lord 9; Init +5 (Dex); Defense 24 (+9 class,+5 Dex); Spd 10 m; VP/WP 66/11; Atk +15/+10 melee (2d6+5, mastercraft vibroblade) or +10/+5 melee (1d3+1, punch) or +15/+10 ranged (3d6 +2, mastercraft blaster pistol); SQ Amphibious, bonus class skill (Tumble), contacts x3 (Imperial governor of Ando, Quantill City Harbormaster, Imperial Starport Administrator), exceptional minions, favor +2, illicit barter, inspire confidence, inspire fear -6, lucky (2/day), precise attack +1, resource access (noble + crime lord); SV Fort +6, Ref +16, Will +12; SZ M; FP 4; DSP 15; Rep +11; Str 12, Dex 20, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 18; Challenge Code G.

**Equipment:** Captain's uniform (adds +2 to all Charisma-based checks), mastercraft (+2 damage) blaster pistol, mastercraft (+3 damage) vibroblade, repulsorsail pirate ship (*Majestic*), vast wealth and holdings.

**Skills:** Appraise +18, Balance +18, Bluff +25, Computer Use +7, Diplomacy +13, Escape Artist +14, Forgery +17,

Gamble +10, Gather Information +14, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (Ando) +24, Pilot +10, Profession (pirate) +22, Read/Write Aqualish, Read/Write Basic, Sense Motive +13, Speak Aqualish, Speak Basic, Speak Huttese, Speak Quarren, Speak Rybese, Swim +5, Tumble +21.

**Feats:** Combat Expertise, Dodge, Infamy, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse (vibroblade), Weapon Focus (vibroblade), Weapon Group Proficiencies (blaster pistols, simple weapons, vibroweapons), Whirlwind Attack.

**Special Qualities:**

*Amphibious* -- Aqualish can breathe both water and air normally and gain a +4 species bonus on Swim checks.



## Part 5: Portage Moon

*Catalogued by Archivist Cory Herndon*

*Our final installment of the journals of Andoan folk hero "Slick" Sissalik is a personal account of one of the most significant events in the recent history of Ando -- the Battle of Portage Moon, which nearly threw the planet into a bloody civil war pitting Quara against Aquala on a scale not seen since the pre-space flight days. Sissalik's journal explains some of the mysteries that have surrounded the battle for years and gives a glimpse of the day a world on the brink tipped away from the Empire and toward the Rebel Alliance.*

### Sissalik of Mon Calamari's Personal Log

#### 99th Day of Freedom

My "duel" with Pyash Yopayomba lasted all of ten seconds, the time it took her to disarm me and pin my hand to the deck with the tip of her blade. My head was sure to join it within moments, and I rolled my eyes around to look into the face of my killer.

The pirate queen was a sight. She stood over me, her black uniform drenched in the blood of two dozen Aquala sailors -- my friends. The morning sun glinted on her shiny blue-black pate as the Quara drew back a five-fingered hand and wiped a spattering of scarlet from her tusks. She wrenched her blade from my bleeding palm and prepared to strike the deathblow.

"Stop!" I heard a rasping Aqualish voice shout from behind me. I heard a clatter of shifting rubble as Captain Bippi staggered to his feet to face the Quara that had destroyed his livelihood. Yopayomba pinned me to the deck again and watched the injured Aquala step forward. "Enough of us have died, Slick. Yopayomba -- don't deny it, it has to be you -- our cargo for our lives? Leave these last few alive."

After an eternity, the pirate queen finally spoke. To my surprise, she addressed me, not the captain. "One called Slick," she said, "You, at least, have courage. I respect that." She turned to Captain Bippi, while still holding me fast to the deck with the vibroblade. "Captain, I accept the terms. In fact, my men will repair the damage to this vessel, and some of them will replace the brave sailors you've lost today. I have one added condition, however."

"Yes?" Bippi snarled, rage simmering beneath his defeated exterior.

In a flash, Yopayomba's blade had left my palm and flew like a laserbolt into Captain Bippi's throat. He staggered to his knees and collapsed in a twitching heap, bleeding out on the deck. "Those who work for me do not surrender. Ever." She retrieved her vibroblade from Bippi's corpse and leveled it at my right eye. "I don't trust Aquala, and I trust Quara even less. I have no opinion of your kind. If you want to take another breath, you work for me now . . . *Captain Slick.*"

Didn't see that one coming.

#### 6th Day of Servitude

It's my sixth day as Captain, but the title is little more than a paper crown. I take my orders from one of Yopayomba's men, a particularly smelly Quara who is in constant comlink contact with the pirate queen. We should arrive in port within the hour. From the outside, I imagine *Nanda's Luck* looks like any other cargo-laden fishing boat headed home for the year, ready to join the rest of the planet in the month-long celebration that is the Portage Moon Festival. But our cargo of mineral-fish shells is long gone, replaced by tons of explosives.

I should have let her kill me. This mad plan of hers is suicidal anyway, and the blood that will be shed by future generations of Aqualish is going to fill the seas. I can't believe she's so deluded that she believes the Empire will grant her supreme control of Ando's oceans if she starts a new civil war between the Aqualish races, but she claims to have a promise from Governor himself. The plan, as she explained it, is simple. The *Nanda* sails into Quantill City harbor, kicks in the emergency repulsors, and rams into the port authority terminal, taking out the terminal, the boat, and probably a good deal of the city -- which right now is packed with revelers there to begin thirty days of feasting and celebration. Pre-planted evidence makes the entire mess look like the work of racist Aquala extremists, and off we go: a planetary civil war masterminded by the Empire, launched by a pirate and her Mon Calamari dupe.

I won't go through with it. I've found a way to access the Captain's manual bridge controls without letting

Yopayomba's men see it. Bippi never completely trusted the electronic helm controls, so I should be able to shut down the electronics and use the manual stick to steer and control our speed for at least two minutes. As long as the bridge cabin door holds, that should be plenty of time to turn the *Nanda* around and aim it straight for the *Majestic*.

I fear this will be my last journal entry. I'm going to seal this log in a cuttlewine bottle with an open comlink. Maybe if the Aqualish understand how close they've come to a worldwide war, they'll try to show a little more unity. Maybe, with time, they really will try to throw off the yoke of oppression. Wish I could see it.